VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 5.1

Choice Loetry.

UNFROLL STEDERS

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE. BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and asllow, and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow.
And his long, thin hair was white as snow.
But a wonderful twinkle shoue in his eye;
And he sang every night, as he went to hed:
"Let us be happy here below;
"Let us be happy here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught the scholars the Rule of Three, Reading, and writing, and history, toe; He took the little enes on his knee. For a kind old heart in his breast had he, And the wants of the littlest child he knew. "Learn while you're young, he often said; "There is much to enjoy down here below; Life for the living, and rest for the dead!" Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool, Speaking only in gentlest tones; The rod was scarcely known in his school—Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule. And too hard work for his poor old bones; Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said: "We should make life pleasant down here below; The living need charity more than the dead," Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane, With reses and woodbine over the door; His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain. But a spirit of comfort there held reign. And made him forget he was old and poor. "I need so dittle." he often said; And my friends and relatives here below, Won't liligate over me, when I'm dead." Said the jelly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest times he had, of all, Were the acciable hours be used to pass, with his chair tipped buck to a neighbor's wall, Making an unceremonions call.

Making an unceremonions call.

This was the finest pleasure, he said, of the many he tasted here below:

Who has no cronies, had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue a wrinkled face Melted all over in sunshiny smiles: He stirred his giases with an old-school grace. Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace. I'll the house grew merry from cellar to tiles. 'I'm a pretty old man,' he gently said, 'I've lingered a long time here below; But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fied!' Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balany air.
Every night, when the sun went down;
And the soft wind played in his silvery hair.
Leaving its tenderest kieses there.
On the folly old pedagogue's iolly old crown;
And, feeling the kieses, he smiled, and said;
"Twas a ghorious world, down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said this jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright.
While the oderous night winds whispered "R
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angols waiting for him, I know:
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

Select Story.

THE BOTTLE-IMP.

A NEW STORY WITH AN OLD NAME.

(CONCLUDED.) ш.

The evening of Friday-long expected-had come at length, and the town hall was crammed from the entrance door to the very foot of the stage. Every inch of sitting and standing ground was occupied, and quite a number of persons were turned away from the doors, mable to gain ad-mittance. Greenville had never known such an

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1871.

that is too strange for belief, remember that it is not me, but the spirit of ancient Egypt, that is before you."

When he had concluded, he bowed low, and retired up the stage. As for the audience, they sat open-mouthed and wondering. They had never heard anything like it before, and didn't know what it all meant. They were patient and orderly, however.

Then the Bottle-Imp went through with a series of the usual tricks of ordinary jugglers. He cooked omelettes in gentlemen's hats; cut up ladies' pocket handkerchiefs, and made them whole again; borrowed delicate kid gloves, which he proceeded to fire out of pistols, and afterward recovered from the interior of lemons, eggs, apples, and impossible loaves of bread. Still he had performed none of those pre-eminently marvellous feats for which the undience had come praced. He had done some very wonderful things, that he should walk into a bottle, or cut off a person's head.

Presently he stepped forward, and announced that he was prepared to decapitate any gentleman or lady who would be good enough to step forward. He would warrant that no inconventience, should result, and after the person had conversed for a few moments with his head under his arm, he would restore it to its place, and all would be as ever.

Would any gentleman step forward?

It was surprising how anxious everybody was that some one clase should go up! Presently a rather verdant looking youth, being urged and impelled thereto by every man within twenty feet of him, shuffled forward, and stumbled upon the stage.

The Bottle-Impstood calmly sharpening a heavy bowie knife; ""You are ready to have your head off!" (Astde and unheard by the audience, according to the convention of the stage.

The Bottle-Impstood calmly sharpening a heavy bowie knife; ""You are ready to have your head off!" (Astde and unheard by the audience, according to the detection of this bank business, and bring our 'you' pal, and you are free of this murder charge!"

stage.

The Bottle-Imp stood calmly sharpening a heavy bowie knife; " "You are ready to have your head off!" (Aside and unheard by the audience, accompanied by a cruel gleam of white fangs in that

of him, shuffled forward, and stumbled upon the student of the stu

Miscellany.

THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE WILL

BY AUTE CARY. O. Memory, he sweet to me— Take, take all else, at will. So thou but leave me, and and sound, Without a taken my heart to wound, The little house on the hill!

Take all of best, from east to west, So thou but leave me still, The chamber where, in the starry light, I used to lay awake at night, And list to the whip-poor-will.

Take violet-bed, and rose-tree red.
And the purple flags by the mill,
The mandar are, and the parden groun
But leave, O, leave me, late and sound,
The little house on the hill!

The daisy lane, and the dove's low plane, And the cuckno's tender bill— Take one and all, but leave the dreams That turned the raffers to golden beams, In the little house on the hill!

The gables brown, they have tumbled down, And dry is the brook by the mill; The sheets I used with care to keep. Have wrapped my dead for the last long sleep, In the valley, low and still.

But, Memory, be sweet to me, And build the walls, at will, Of the chamber where I used to mark, So softly rippling over the dark, The song of the whip-poor will.

Ah. Memory, be sweet to me!
All other fountains chill,
But leave me that song so weird and wild,
Dear as its life to the heart of a child,
In the little bouse on the hill!

THE ARISTOCRAT.

What constitutes an aristocrat? It is not the possession of wealth—it is not high birth. It is not the elegant mansion, the splendid equipage, or the fine broadcloth coat. The question then returns upon us, what can it be? The answer may be brief and very plain: It is a combination of various qualities of the mind and heart. Some of the principal ingredients in this combination are Pride and Vasity, connected with some Hyprocrisy; quite a sprinkling of lititeness of soul, and a very large share of contempt for what are called "the lower classes."

No one, of course, will admit that himself is the

No one, of course, will admit that himself is the centre of such combination. But with the majority of men, actions tell much more effectively than

It is something of a by-way. There was a gentleman in new broadcloth, meeting an honest laborer with his wheel-barrow, or an unfortunate trader in a threadbare coat. And was there any recognition acknowledged between them? Most strange to say, there certainly was—and how did it happen? It is sasily explained: The place of meeting was a by-say, and the gentleman (?) supposing he should be observed by no one, did condescend to make a low bow, with a very polite "How do you do, sir?" There was an election pending about that time, and he was a candidate for office!

Let those same men meet, clad in the same attire, the next morning after the election, in the

Let those same men meet, clad in the same attire, the next morning after the election, in the street or on the church door steps, and the gentleman knows nothing about the fellow. He may have just arisen from a night's brothel, but his respectibility would be questioned were he to recognize in public any man in the "lower classes," although of unimpeached virtues.

Now every such gentleman, we in the western hemisphere are beginning to find out, is no gentleman at all. Every such "gentleman" may legitimately be pronounced an Aristocrat. No matter what he may call himself, or what may be his professions; no matter to what party or to what sect he may belong; let him assume to himself the name of Democrat or Whig, of Turk or Christian, so long as he scorns to recognize in public, the man whose vote he would court in private, depend upon it, that man is an Aristocrat.

Not withstanding his profession of frendship,

stage. The response of extractions produced by the control of the charge of the control of the charge of the control of the charge of the char

COUSIN SALLY DILLARD. A Legal Sketch in the "Old North State."

BY HAMILTON C. JONES. . SCENE .- A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

Scene.—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court: "May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it never has befallen me to prosecute so direful, marked and malicious an assanlt—a more willful, violent, and dangerous battery—and finally, a more disbolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this County. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said he heard the noise, but did not see the fight; another said he saw the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skrimmage.

Lawyer Chops.—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as Inow do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the jury and court, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, snuffy old man, a leetle corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops.—Harris, we wish you to tell all about

justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin, and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Fitness—(Alarmed.) Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard-custody.

**Covided the opinion of that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

What I wave Netleed.

What I wave Netleed.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead; and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good to our house, and axed me if my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard she comeover as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month't go? I told cousin sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month's go? I told cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month's go! I told cousin sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he month's go! I told cousin sally Dillard, my wife was eit was she, cousin Sally Dillard then a xed me if Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass. The proceed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but makes every—told the crap was smartly in the grass.

I have noticed that the who thinks every man a rogue, is very certain

control-of-er-defe-deliberalugh—Ph. Atterney, the first first point is to trace the original manner, of singlete will be due to great an journal proposal of the proposal of t

THE APPLE-TREE IN THE LANE.

It stood close by where, on leathern hinge,
The gate swings back from the grassy lane;
When the cows came bome, when the dusky eve
Its mante threw over hill and plain.
Its branches, knotty and gnarled by time,
Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,
When the Spring days wore a blushing crown
Of blossoms bright for the apple-trees.

Its shadow fell o'er the crystal stream.
That all the long, bright Summer days.
Like a silver thread, 'mid the waving grass
Reflected back the golden rays
Of the noonday sm, that mally strove
To drink the fount of the brooklet dry;

Never were apples half so sweet, Golden russet, striped with red, As those that fell on the yielding turf. When we shook the branches overhe A traviting place for youthful friends, Was the apple-tree, in days of yore; And oft we've sut beneath its shade. And talked bright dreams of the futs

And when the warm October sun Shone on the maple's scarlet robe, We gathered apples sound and fair. And round as our own mystic globe. The stately hemiock crowns the hill. The dark pines rise above the plain; But one we prize far more than they, The apple-tree in the pasture lane.

So forward comes the witness, a fat sunfly old man, a leetle corned, and took his east with an air.

Chops.—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time, as explicit as possible.

Harris.—Adzactly, (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat. Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheunatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was in the road and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was in the road and the big swamp was in the road of the crap and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, consin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this riginarde!

Harris.—Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and consin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops.—Bellop, sir, if you please; we don't want to her anything about your consin Sally Dillard she come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she mounta't go—the beat she will be the constant sally Dillard she come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she montar't go—the beat she will be the constant sally Dillard she come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she montar't go—the constant sally Dillard she come over to our house, and axed me if my wife she montar't go—the constant she will be the constant sounding of gongs, he observes imminged the company of the company of

WHOLE NUMBER, 733. [From the Toledo Elade.]

THE NASBY LETTERS. The right to Parade-Mr. Nashy Suggests Arrangement by which Riots may be here ter Avoided.

(Wich is in the State uv Kritucky,)

The riots in Noo York affected me terribly. Viewed from my standpint, the occurrence war deplerable. Two hundred Dimecrates shot down by the brootal military, who will never rally to the polls agin, and will never agin repeat ther votes, no matter how high the price. And all this becox them noble-minded sons aw Erin insistid on the rite to dictate who shood and who shood not parade the streets av Noo York! I hev, however, the consolashen ny knowin that it won't make any difference in our majority in that city. There is ships on the sea bringin more Irishmen, who kin be made voters in four hours after they lead, and of no more comes, them ea is here kin vote oftener. It may be necessary to furnish some uv em hosses and buggies, that they may git around to the polls faster, but that will be all.

I hed my little trouble on the same day. It so happened that the children av our church hed pitched upon the 12th nv Jody, ez the day for their pie-mic, and it so happened that Pollock, levin a lot uv damaged yaller calico, Deckin Pennibacker bought it to make rosets for the children, and as sash for myself, who wur to cheef marshal em. The nite affore, we received a letter from Dennis O'Shoughnessy, Patrick 'OBrien, and Shanna O'Daly, the three Irishmen who live at the Corners Stashum, that they understood that it wux the intenshim uv the Protestants uv the Corners, to celebrate the battle uv the Boyne, or knowl wor "Orange" meant; and so, takin it ex a joke, no attenshum was paid to it, for no perceshum hed ever heerd uv the battle uv the Boyne, or knowl wor "Orange" meant; and so, takin it ex a joke, no attenshum was paid to it, for no perceshum hed ever heen mobbed at the Corners, but nigger percessum, and the schop of the strength of the strength of the sheek, they could not be held responsible.

No one in the Corners—that is, the natives—hed ever been mobbed at the Corners bod on we will directed rock harded meanting the strength of the product of the product of the product of t

To the Sooperintendent nr—th St. Methodist Sunday Skool.

Permishun refossed. On the rout proposed for the processhun lives three hundred Catholic families, wich wood be offended at it. The Committed duz not want to be bothered with sich applications, ex none uy em will be granted.